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our plan of receiving a percentage. Did not Macaulay get, even before his death, \$500,000 from his history, all incomplete as it was? Giving you these words of caution, I

proceed to translate the promised article: "The newest thing just now are the 'Songs of the Streets and the Woods.' Speaking of these poems, which come to us from Belgium, everybody has mentioned that Victor Hugo made his publisher give \$8,000 for the volume. What is juster? The priest lives by the altar: the general lives by his sword. Shall a poet forever die by his genius? Byron never gave Murray a single line for less than a guinea. Jacques Delfille, who has, in our day, gone so completely out of fashion

exacted a guinea for each of his lines. In each of the volumes published by M. Lacroix there are 5,500 lines. Victor Hugo is consequently \$14,000 cheaper than his predecessor.

'A word or two about M. Victor Hugo. When he began to write, when he wrote, as he says somewhere, 'a young man's literature,' that is, between 1820 and 1822, his path was not so thickly strewn with gold and bank notes. Nor should he have been called a

“The publisher gave Victor Hugo sixty dollars in his promissory notes. Victor Hugo rubbed his hands in triumph! ‘Bog Jargal’ had the good luck to bring his \$245,000.”

looked like success! Six years afterward Eugene Renduel gave \$40,000 for 'Notre Dame de Paris.' After 1830, Victor Hugo was, next to Chateaubriand, the best paid

author in France. As he had a large family to support in respectable position, he took good care not to lower his market quotations. Who blames him? In the early part of 1833

there was played the admirable drama of 'Lucrecia Borgia,' which was extremely successful. It was, in those days, said that an odd scene had occurred between the author of the play and Harel, the talented manager of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, where it was played.

that the author's copyright should be as much as it was at the French comedy. Harel replied: 'Granted.' 'I ask that, although the piece is in three acts, it be considered a five-act play.' 'Granted.' 'I ask that all the seats in the theatre be at my disposal during the first three performances.' 'Granted.' 'I ask for a premium of 1,000*fr.* for the first performance. Harel had no money in his treasury; he consequently hesitated a little, but at last granted this condition likewise. 'I ask furthermore —' 'What? Are you not yet satisfied?' 'I ask further-

more that you guarantee me fifty performances of \$600 receipts each." "Dear Mr. Hugo, that is impossible. You asked me my coat; I gave it you. You now want my shirt. I can't spare that. The police would arrest me were I seen without it."

"The most tenacious man about copyright was De Balzac. Everybody knows that he took in the money himself the first night

"Les Ressources de Quinquola" was played at the Odéon. Whenever he entered into negotiations with a publisher he said: "Let me preface all our conversation by one word. I do not want to surprise you. So I let you know that I have been a notary's clerk, and I intend to frame our contract as if I were a constable's clerk." Alfred de Vigny was a thoroughbred aristocrat; he made a fortune

throughbred aristocrat, he made contempt for money a principle of duty; he used to say: 'The money returned me is nothing; capital letters and playbills everything.' He was paid in fame during his lifetime. Jules Janin, a spoiled child of success, has been thought to love money, and nevertheless he has always disdained it. One evening we dined at Douix's restaurant in com-

pany with Villermont and Jourin, when he said to us, laughing: 'L'Ans Mort has had twelve editions, and has not brought me \$240, and it is of all my works, that I think most of.' Beranger, whose works have given the publisher Perrotin \$3,000 a year in government stock, that is somewhere near \$100,000 of capital, (so Perrotin himself told me,) —I say Beranger at first reserved to himself

only an annuity of \$160 a year, which was gradually raised to \$600 a year by the publisher, who had great difficulty to persuade Heranger to accept it. George Sand does not hesitate to prove that her 75 volumes have on an average brought her in \$10,000 apiece. This is exclusive of her plays, which have brought her in \$80,000.

"It is curious to hear Leon Gtstaves tell

the history of Alphonse Karr's first novel, 'Under the Lindens.' The manuscript of that novel, which is still popular, fell into the hands of a publisher who paid it with promissory notes. The price agreed on was \$240. Great was the delight when these \$240 were received. But these promissory notes were not only protested for non-payment when they fell due, but Alphonse Karr

was besides obliged to pay the costs of protest, &c., which amounted to \$240. Jules Sandeau tells the most curious confession about copyright: 'Money' Nobody thought of money in the days when I began to write. One day I received, for one of my novels, \$60 in money, in five-franc pieces, and a cork clock, and \$60 worth of wafers, and—because of my ingenuousness—thought I made

"Alex. Dumas, the Elder, is certainly one of the men of our day who most loves money, and most despises it. One day, ten years ago, he told us that he had made \$700,000 by his pen, and had not \$12 in his pocket. Since then he has probably earned \$200,000 more, but I do not believe he has a cent more in his pocket. A word of advice to

more in his pocket. A wonderful saying is attributed to M. Villemain, the Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy: "Good gracious! Does a volume ever bring the author more than \$100? There is an odd book in the world. It has no author's name. It is entitled *The Domestic Cookery Book*. It was printed for the first time in 1800. It has since then annually cleared \$5,000, put-

The son of a lawyer of Dijon recently arrived at Marseilles with his bride, with the avowed object of making a pleasure trip to Egypt. After tarrying a few days in that city, a young townsman of the bridegroom joined the party, and eventually the departure of the lady with a gentleman was duly

noticed in the hotel; but the bridegroom had been ousted in the affections of his bride by his companion, who embarked with her on his friend's ticket in the steamer for Alexandria, while the unfortunate husband was found murdered in the river. His rival and assassin with his paramour were overtaken by the Marseilles police in the Egyptian capital, and are soon to be tried at Aix for wilful

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GEORGE A. McILHANNY,
Engineer.